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# NEW X-MEN®

FO32SW20

ASSAULT ON WEAPON PLUS

3 OF 4

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# ASSAULT ON WEAPON PLUS PART 3 OF 4 THE FLESH

## PREVIOUSLY IN NEW X-MEN...

Under the ominous Dome of THE WORLD, time stands eerily still. Freshly ravaged by the brutal rampage of one of its former inhabitants, every last victim is trampled underfoot, every bird in mid-flight remains forever fixed in a horrific freeze-frame testifying to the massive carnage inflicted by an experiment gone horribly awry.

It is here, under the Dome, that the WEAPON PLUS PROGRAM breeds and supplies artificially evolved super-soldiers designed with a sole purpose: to win the imminent war between mutant and man. And it is here that the former Weapon XIII—FANTOMEX—lures WOLVERINE with promises of the ever-elusive secrets of his past.

Former victims of the brutal Weapon Plus Program, Fantomex and Wolverine wish to revisit their past in the hopes of gaining a greater understanding of their true identities. And with CYCLOPS by their side, they venture into new territory where they must face the most formidable of all adversaries.

Upon entering the top-secret complex, the mutant trio discovers they aren't the first group to infiltrate the Dome that day. A stranded photojournalist reveals video footage of a massacre transpiring within the walls of the Dome...who is responsible for the decimation of an entire squadron of A.I.M. soldiers?

As they enter the Dome, Fantomex explains that the insidious Program did not end their experimentations with Weapons X or XIII...the latest and most powerful creation of the Weapon Plus Program is now loose and unleashing its fury upon all who cross its path—the lethal WEAPON XV.

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Is this Weapon Fifteen?

Fantomex?

Nah, just a car-cop. World police.

Inside the World Dome, normal time is now on pause, Monsieur Summers.

Bizarre.

It's been, what? A few *months* since I escaped from that transport train...but here in *The World*, entire *generations* have passed.

Only these buildings stay the *same*...and the *car-cops*.

Living remnants of the *earliest* Artificial Evolution experiments.

They're what happens when you put a *whale's brain* under the hood of a truck.

You sure you're *ready* for Weapon XV?

Your expression has all the unendearing qualities of a *clenched fist*.

I'm still a trained *X-Man*.

If there's a *threat*, I'll do whatever I can to *contain* it.

Then let's pray that some lumbering *"martial arts"* and a commanding *voice* are enough to carry the day.

I can only hope you're waiting for your *moment*, Monsieur.

I usually work *best* under stress, but super-evolved mutant-killers might be asking too much until I get my *stare* back...

...If I don't, it feels like my *head's* going to blow up.

So here you are in the *lion's den*, stripped of your mutant gifts, handicapped, emotionally crippled...

...what in hell *drives* such a train wreck, Monsieur Summers?

Who, me?

I'm here to look out for *Wolverine.*

I'm here because I don't trust *you,* Fantomex.

I'm here to make sure you don't just string Logan *along* with false promises because you need some indestructible *muscle* by your side.

Ah.

And how will you do all *that?*

By appealing to my better nature?

I'll probably try that *first.*

Logan was tortured and brutalized by the *Weapon X Program...*

...it took him a long time and a lot of hard work to reclaim his dignity after what they *did* to him.

So?

So, he's not a pawn or a weapon...he's not *their* Weapon Ten, he's not Professor Xavier's weapon for peace, and he's not *your* weapon, Fantomex.

He's a *man.* He deserves *respect.*

Why can't you just *tell* him what you know about his past and give the guy a *break?*

Because he's no good to me *dead,* Monsieur Summers.

And I think it's safe to say that the knowledge in the Weapon Plus files has the potential to *kill* him.

*The World* was built to breed and supply artificially evolved super-soldiers.

Part man, part machine-- bio-engineered to ***win*** the imminent war between man and mutant.

War?

What else?

The human species is ***dying***. Their only hope lies in machine fusion and a program of sustained mutant ***extermination***.

Genetic war is coming.

My partner ***E.V.A.*** has a story about a space traveller travelling at light speed through the stars for what seems to him to be only ***days***.

But when he arrives home, breathless with tales of the great beyond, he finds that hundreds of ***years*** have passed.

And everyone he knew died ***long ago***.

My generation lay down in these cells like battery hens. Battery supermen and women, absorbing ***lies*** in the form of narcotic Nano-Sentinel pollen.

They told us there was nothing but endless solid ***rock*** beyond The World's wall...

*"My name is Charlie Cluster 7... The World operators tell me I am a living hall of mirrors. I am a stealth fighter. I am Super-Soldier Generation Thirteen.*

*"They say mutant monsters will come to steal The World and kill all my friends.*

*"But they shouldn't have made me so smart, or I might have believed them."*

I thought you were ***French***.

No...

...I just like the ***accent***.

We all find our dignity where we ***can***--mine is in *"Fantomex."*

If you say so...

...***Logan***, anything up ahead?

Everyone's *dead*, Slim...

...judging by the *smoke* and the trail of damage, Weapon Fifteen's right down there by the *chimneys*.

What got him so *mad* he wrecked his own nest?

He saw it for what it *was*, and everything lost its meaning.

He saw a *factory farm*.

*Weapon Ten* and *Weapon Thirteen*.

Compared to *Fifteen*, we're walking fossils. You and I are *dinosaurs*, Monsieur Logan.

So?

Would *you* wanna go head-to-head with a tyrannosaurus?

Hey, you know the creepy *A.I.M.* guy I warned you not to leave alone with the equipment?

*DOOM!*

I can't breathe...

...the air just got thinner...

PLARF

It moved.

That bird just moved!

It's *time*... starting up all around us...

A *car-cop!*

I see it!

AAAUUU!

ORGANISMS! STERILE ENVIRONMENT BREACHED! WORLD UNDER THREAT!

Aim for the *control chip!*

*Six-inch area!*

*Just behind midbrain!*

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

You could have easily *joined in,* Mister Summers.

It was *your* head he was aiming for.

Which means Weapon Fifteen is also *free.*

I guess my moment didn't *get* here yet.

Then you'd better understand this--it needs to come *fast.*

Yeah, everything *else* 'round here's on the move...

I didn't mean to get you *into* this, Slim.

No, *you* only got me blind drunk and carried me here on your *shoulder,* Logan...

...you had *nothing* to do with this.

Look.

I have *broken* The World.

But do I build a *new* prison here in the ruins...

...or dare go *beyond?*

I will ask...

*Are you real?*

What kinda question's *that?*

Real?

I grew up right around the block...

...we're neighbors... *relatives* maybe...

Gibberish...

Now that all the *old* rules are gone...

...no one remains but me to make new rules.

We're *doomed.* He has no sense of *humor.*

I don't know why I'm even bothering to point my guns at this monstrosity.

His head's lighting up...

# Genosha

These big, bad, mutant-killing machines are *all* the same!

Fantomex?

Say something that isn't "urrk"...

...churrhh... urkk...

These new encounters suggest puzzles I must *solve.*

Equations of *brute force.*

Calculus of conquest and *annihilation.*

ZZAAPPP

Barriers to my understanding of The World and its lies.

AAAUUURRRR

URRF!

Not good.

Fantomex, you okay? Your *skin's* burning...

A few hundred thousand volts?

I'm not so easy to *hurt,* Mister Summers.

Lucky for me...

...I keep my nervous system *outside* my body.

I love it when you say that, Fantomex.

E.V.A.,, Take control!

Let me see through your skin...

Anytime.

But there's bad news.

Weapon XV Jammed the dials...

There must be *more.*

If he gets loose...

...what happens?

Like Genosha.

Millions dead.

I'm trying to stop *time,* Monsieur Summers. Don't *distract* me!

Too late. You let a moment slip through...

...and it looks like *mine.*

Target

Identify

Mutant

CUFFF

... if you got...got all these powers...

...why are you just *hitting* me?

More: Slugfest default zero!

Mutant

More

?

AUHH

That went well.

...he stopped...

I can feel it inside.

I was born for more.

...don't let it get out...

...it'll kill everyone...

There must be more than this.

If I am wrong, I will break against the infinite rock beyond.

But if I am right, if The World is only a dream in which I slept for a while...

...if I am right...

Perfect.

Like all the *other* super-soldiers, he had to have a *failsafe* mechanism, in case he ever broke loose...

E.V.A. is now tracking a *homing signal*-- the hidden hand just jerked his chain and called him back to the kennel.

Slim? You're bleeding from the ears...

Leave me alone. I let it get away...

...what's it going to do to everyone?

No one's *ever* been able to find the nerve center of the *Weapon Plus* operation anywhere on *Earth.*

Now we know *why...*

Last survivor.

Unstoppable, indestructible, *immortal.*

All of this.

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